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*A young woman doesn't read the label on the pill bottle close enough.*

Contains: Breast Expansion

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### **Use as Directed**

*-bing bong-*

Marcus opened the door to his apartment.

“Hey babe!”

His girlfriend Janelle stood on her toes to hug him. Something seemed off but Marcus couldn't put his finger on it. She walked past him, and he took a moment to appreciate the sight of her ass wiggling in her tight jeans. It was a little warm for a big hoodie, but Marcus didn't question it.

“Popcorn?” He asked as he closed the door and followed.

“Did you forget what day it is?”

“Um...” Marcus was worried. His girlfriend was usually very laid-back and easygoing. It was one of the things he loved about her.

“Not our anniversary... that was last month.” He said, remembering the bill at the steakhouse, and the night that followed making it well worth it.

“Well... it’s not *that* anniversary...” Janelle clasped her hands behind her waist, twisting her torso. Something was definitely *off* about her tonight.

“Alright you got me. What day is it?”

“It’s our sex-versary, silly!”

Marcus chuckled. “Is it now?”

“I’m surprised you don’t remember. Was it that bad?”

Marcus stepped up close, leaning down for a kiss. “Of course not Janelle. It was magical, like every time.”

“–*Hmpf*– good answer.” She walked toward the couch then turned again.

“Anyway... since it’s a *special* day... I thought maybe we could skip the ‘Netflix’ part and get right to the ‘chill.’”

Marcus grinned. “Works for me.”

He jumped her, and in one smooth motion she was off the floor and lying on his couch. They made out for several seconds, but when Marcus’ hands drifted down from Janelle’s face to her body, he found more of her than he expected.

Marcus was a boob guy. But after a series of girlfriends with great racks but personalities like harpies, he decided to give Janelle a chance. He’d never been happier. But when his hands met her chest over her baggy sweatshirt, he felt much more than his girlfriend’s B-cups.

“Janelle, what...?”

She grinned up at him.

“Surprise.”

Marcus sat up, and Janelle maneuvered them until she was sitting on his lap. She grabbed her hoodie and pulled it off in one smooth motion.

The lobes of flesh that bobbed happily in Janelle's tank top were big. Not massive like Marcus had seen online in art or morphs, but still two to three times bigger than B-cups. He was stunned, looking from Janelle's chest to her face and back.

"What... how..."

Janelle grinned again, looking down at herself.

"Oh wow, they're even bigger than when I left." She met his gaze again. "Well, I know you're more of a boob guy, and I found these pills online. The effects are temporary, but I thought they might be fun to try."

Marcus' id took over and he grabbed his girlfriend's melons with both hands. His fingers probed and squeezed, reveling in the elasticity of her flesh pressing back. Janelle moaned in delight.

"Oh god -*hmm*- that feels *really* good..."

Their foreplay intensified, lips meeting and tongues dancing. As Marcus continued to fondle Janelle's chest, the pressure of her tits against his fingers seemed to intensify. Her flesh under his hands felt unusually warm. He leaned back to inspect her.

"Wha— don't stop!" She pleaded, arcing her back and grinding against his pelvis.

"Are they... getting bigger?"

The boobs that had filled Marcus' hands when he started groping Janelle were now spilling out around his fingers. He released his grip on them and they stared. The crease in her shirt slowly flattened out— proving Marcus right.

Janelle shrugged. "They should stop soon."

She grabbed Marcus' hands and returned them to her chest. Marcus had to distract his mind to keep from coming early. It was like all his most private fantasies come to life, and his feelings for Janelle only made it better.

She stood up, bending to undo the button on his pants. As her cleavage dangled in front of his face, Marcus stared.

Janelle had been big when they started going at it. Huge even. But now her breasts were bigger than watermelons. She was sweating. She was clearly growing faster— flesh oozing over the neckline of her shirt while he watched.

“Babe, I think...”

His words stopped when Janelle slid herself down onto his rock hard dick. She rarely initiated this strongly. As Janelle rocked herself up and down on him, Marcus watched her massive breasts bounce between them. On each downward motion they dropped, and seemed to be a little heavier, a little larger, with each drop. By the time he came, Janelle's breasts were filling the space between them.

They cuddled in the afterglow for a moment, but Marcus could feel weight increasing against his chest, and inch by inch his girlfriend's head moved further away.

“Babe I think something's wrong.”

“But it feels soooo right...” Janelle mumbled.

Marcus realized with surprise that his girlfriend was about to climax again. Her tank top looked painted on, and the mass of her chest was starting to push her off his lap.

“Where are those pills?”

Janelle slid off his knees and rolled onto the floor, hugging her enormous tits and twitching with pleasure.

“In *-ahn-* my bag...”

Marcus dug out the bottle and read the label.

“How many of these did you take?”

“Ten.”

“Ten!?”

“It’s fine *-hmm-* it says not to take more than *-uh!* 400mg in 24 hours. Ten pills is only like 100.”

“Janelle *each* pill is 100mg!”

Janelle rolled onto her back. As she twitched with another orgasm her shirt exploded in a chorus of rips. The massive mounds of flesh on her chest seemed to ripple as they swelled visibly.

“So I *-hmm-* I took a thousand mg?” She whispered. “How big am I gonna get?”

“We should call a doctor.” Marcus said as he started to get hard again.

“We could...” Janelle moaned, “or you could get over here and fuck me again.”

Marcus decided he could call a doctor later.